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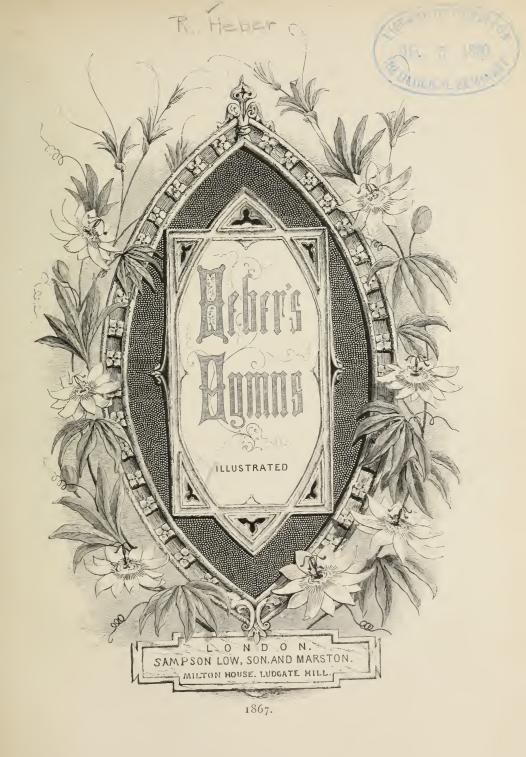
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E. S. Buchanan

Bournemouth Feb. 17 1903.



BISHOP HEBER



LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET
AND CHARING CROSS.

ISHOP HEBER'S HYMNS are treasured as Sacred Household Words wherever the English language is spoken; not so much hitherto as a collection but from their merit as separate Hymns; they are all favourites, and each has established its own claim to being so regarded without reference to their author or to each other's excellence.

No poet perhaps has commanded a more universal adoption of his sacred verse than Reginald Heber, and yet few poets are known less by a collection of their most popular productions; they would appear to be a valued possession of Christendom, yet scarcely recognised as the Hymns of one author. This arises partly from the devoted career of the Bishop in India superseding that of the poet, and partly from the unobtrusive way in which his own Hymns were given to the world in a collection formed by himself from ancient and modern writers to supply a want then felt for a Church Hymnal. The Bishop's own Hymns have outlived this publication in which he so unostentatiously incorporated them, and it is thought by the present publishers that a distinct edition of what the Bishop alone was author, will be acceptable to all admirers of devotional poetry, and at the same time, by adopting a permanent and ornamental form, afford them an opportunity to do honor to a memory ever to be revered.

The publication of this edition is undertaken with due regard to the interest of the surviving representative of the author, and with the sanction of Mr. Murray, who has published all the Bishop's works as well as his compilation of Hymns. As the plan upon which the Hymns were composed bears immediate reference to the Lessons of the Day, so has this leading idea been followed in the plan of illustration; in many places a purely emblematic treatment has been found necessary where the reference has been more one of principle than incident.

The names of the various artists employed will form some guarantee that the designs have received careful study, and the whole have been engraved under the entire direction of Mr. James D. Cooper. It is hoped that their efforts will be esteemed to have accomplished the object of a suitable edition of these favourite Christian melodies.

Milton House, Ludgate Hill, September, 1866.

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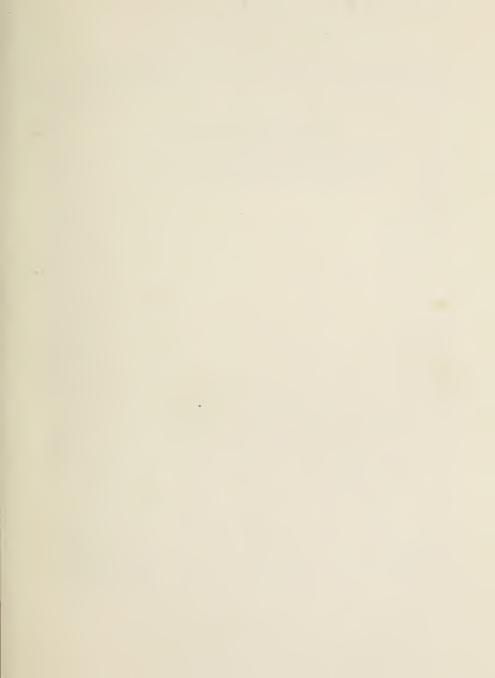
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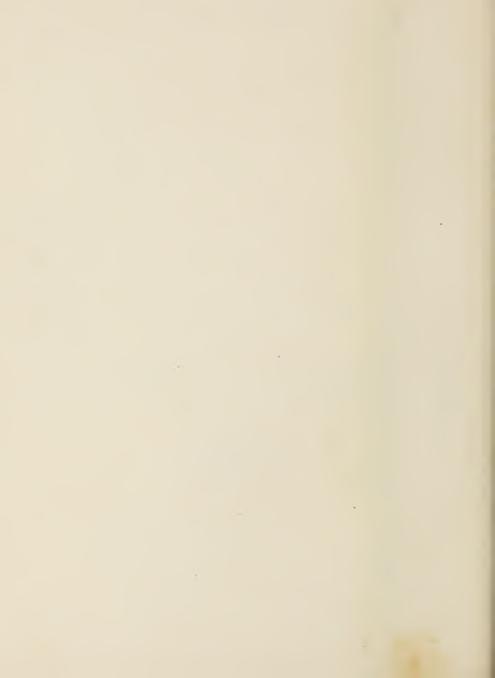
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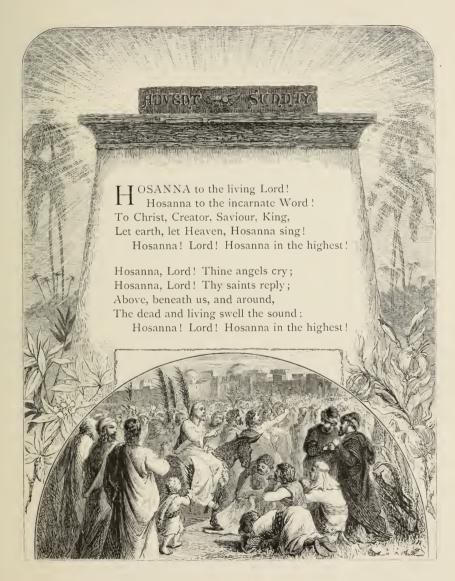
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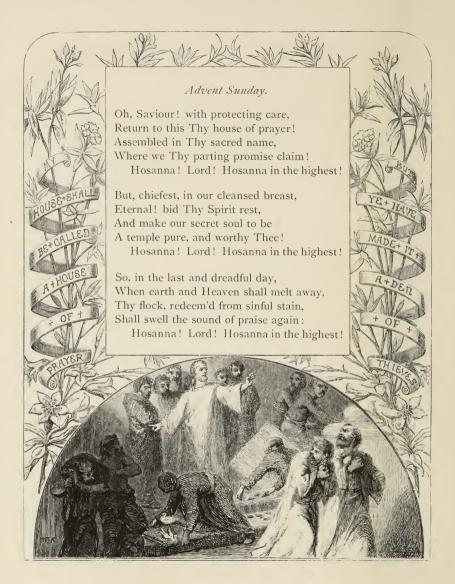
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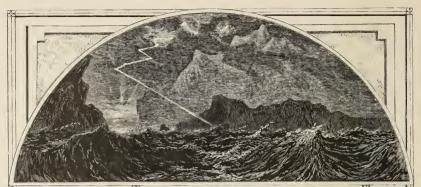














## Second Sunday in Adbent .- No. 11.

N the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

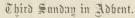
Evil thoughts shall shake the proud, Racking doubt and restless fear; And, amid the thunder-cloud, Shall the Judge of men appear.

But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, His chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh!









H Saviour, is Thy promise fled?

Nor longer might Thy grace endure,

To heal the sick and raise the dead,

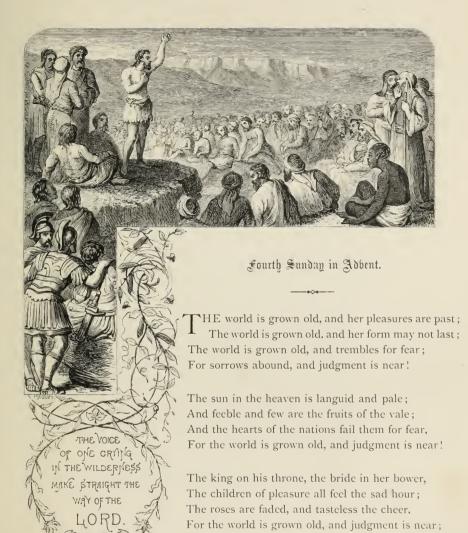
And preach Thy Gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus! come! return again;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness!









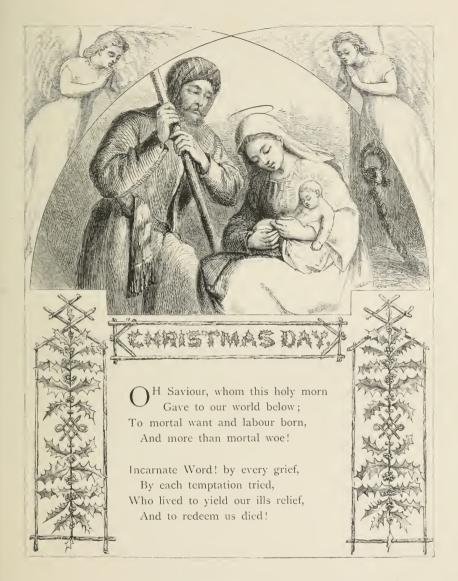
## Fourth Sunday in Advent.

The world is grown old!—but should we complain, Who have tried her and know that her promise is vain? Our heart is in Heaven, our home is not here, And we look for our crown when judgment is near!









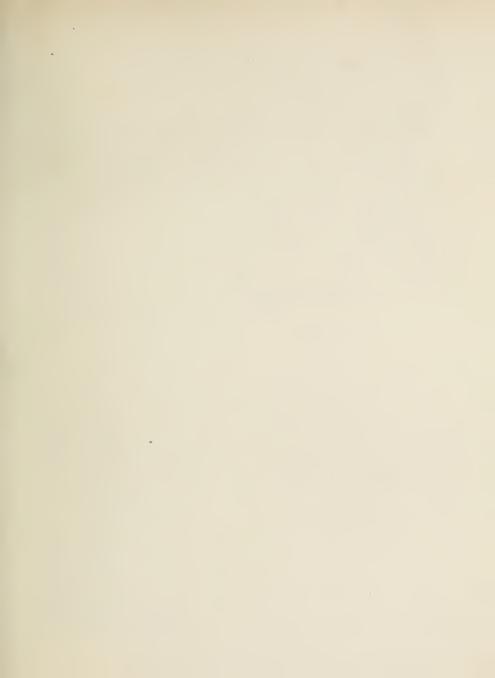
## Christmas Day.

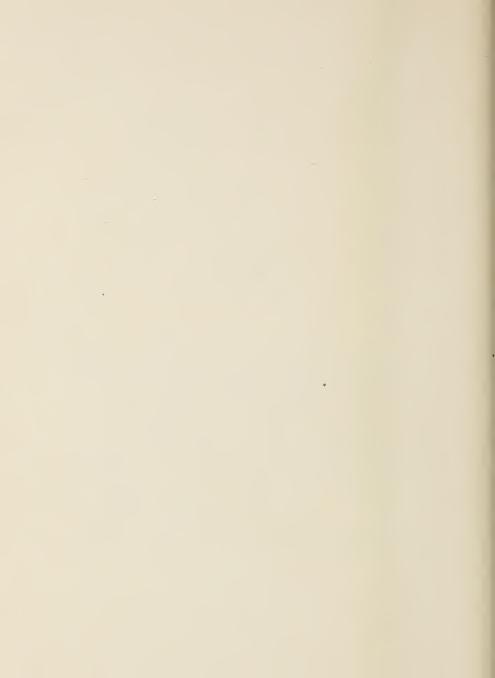
If gaily clothed and proudly fed In dangerous wealth we dwell; Remind us of Thy manger bed And lowly cottage cell!

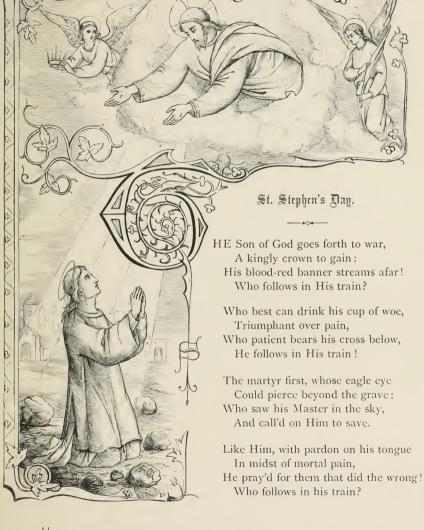
If prest by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh may the Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene From sin preserve us free! Like us Thou hast a mourner been, May we rejoice with Thee!











St. Stephen's Day.

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel!
Who follows in their train?

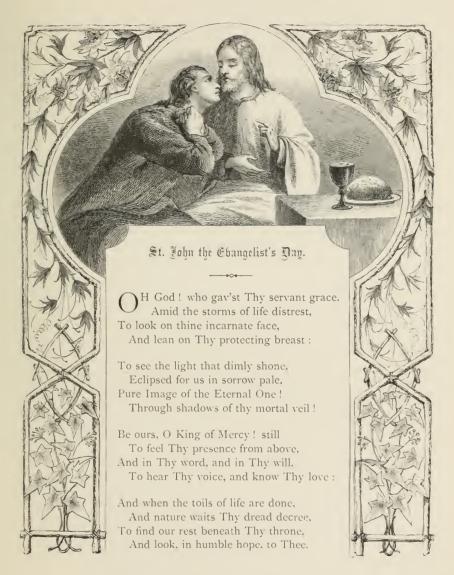
A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.

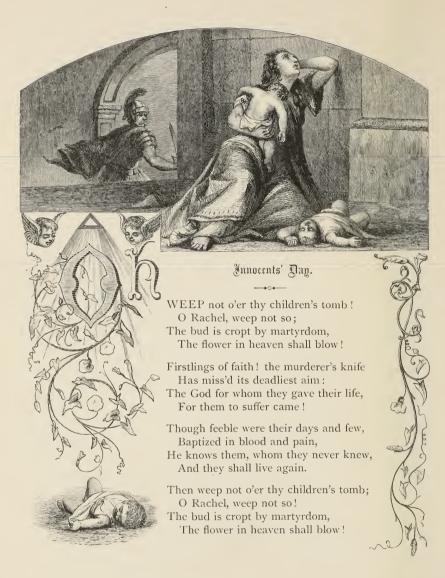
They clim'b the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
Oh God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

















Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,

#### Epiphany.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation:

Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;

Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!











## First Sundan after Epiphany .- No. I.

BASH'D be all the boast of age!
Be hoary learning dumb!
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an Infant come!

Oh Wisdom, whose unfading power Beside the Eternal stood, To frame, in nature's earliest hour The land, the sky, the flood:



#### First Sunday after Epiphany.

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile An infant form to wear; To bless Thy mother with a smile, And lisp Thy falter'd prayer.

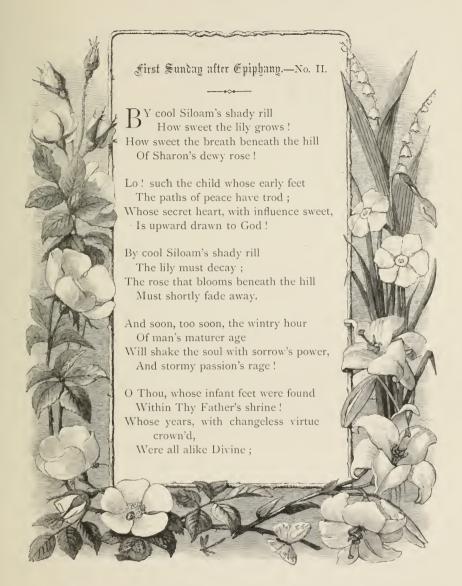
But in Thy Father's own abode, With Israel's elders round, Conversing high with Israel's God Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy name! And, Saviour, deign to bless With fostering grace the timid flame Of early holiness!







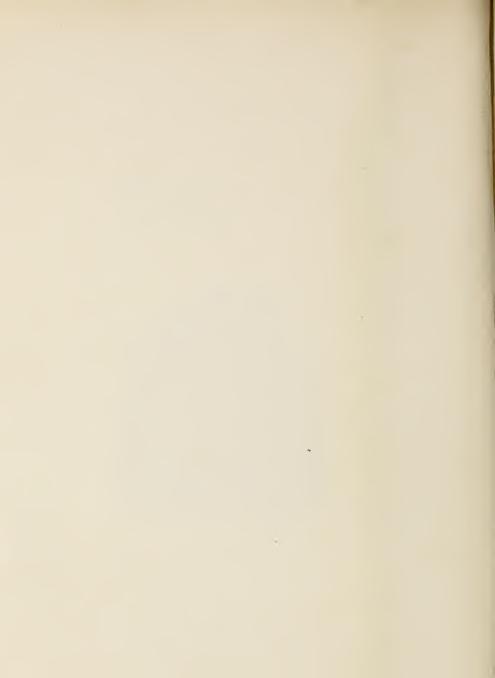


### First Sunday after Epiphany.

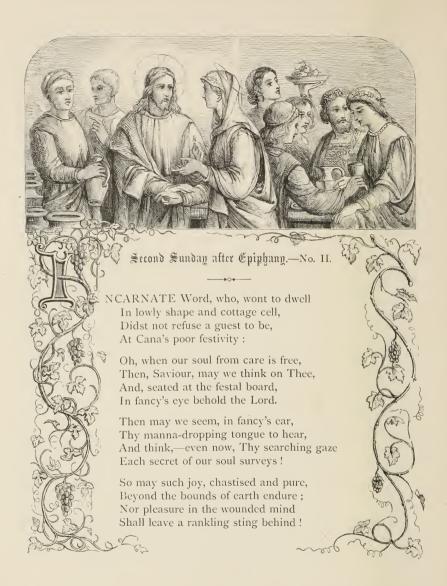
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.





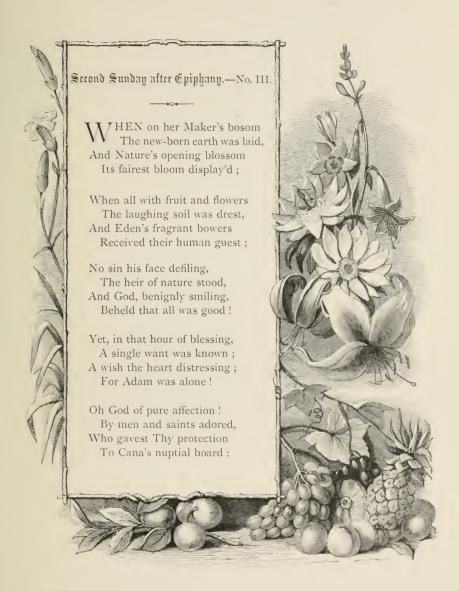












# Second Sunday after Epiphany.

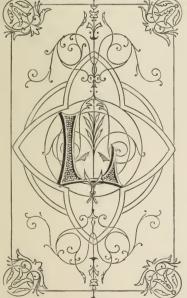
May such Thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown
And no rude hand dissever
Whom Thou hast link'd in one!











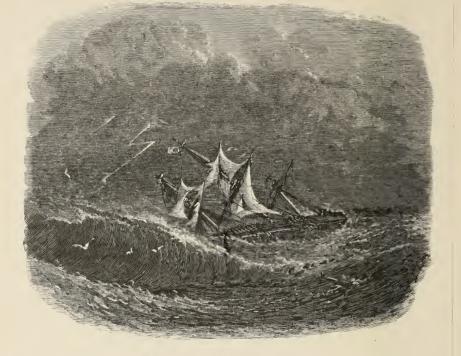
Third Sunday after Epiphany.

ORD! whose love, in power excelling, Wash'd the leper's stain away, Jesus! from Thy heavenly dwelling, Hear us, help us, when we pray!

From the filth of vice and folly, From infuriate passion's rage, Evil thoughts and hopes unholy, Heedless youth and selfish age;

From the lusts whose deep pollutions Adam's ancient taint disclose, From the Tempter's dark intrusions, Restless doubt and blind repose;

From the miser's cursed treasure,
From the drunkard's jest obscene.
From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
Jesus! Master! make us clean!



fourth Sunday after Epiphany .- No. I.

When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray the poor seamen to cherish, We fly to our Maker—"Help, Lord! or we perish!"

Oh Jesus! once toss'd on the breast of the billow, Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow, Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish, Who cries in his danger—"Help, Lord! or we perish!"





# Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging, When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging, Arise in Thy strength Thy redeemed to cherish, Rebuke the destroyer—"Help, Lord! or we perish!"

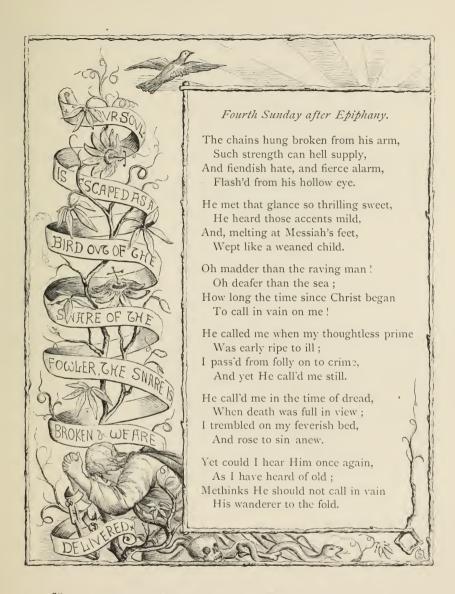




The madman in a tomb had made His mansion of despair; Woe to the traveller who stray'd With heedless footstep there!







### Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

Oh Thou that every thought canst know, And answer every prayer; Oh give me sickness, want, or woe, But snatch me from despair!

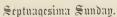
My struggling will by grace control, Renew my broken vow! What blessed light breaks on my soul? O God! I hear Thee now.





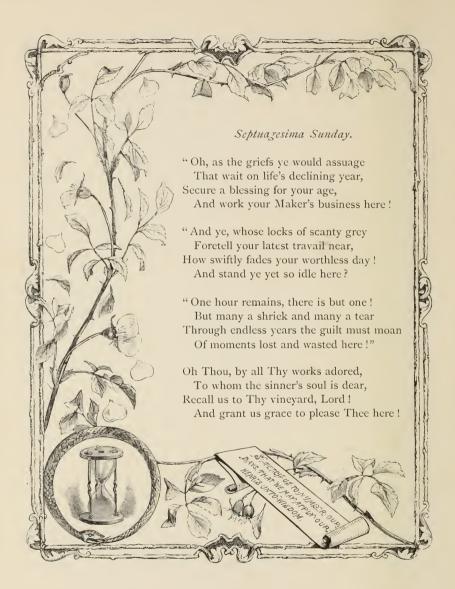




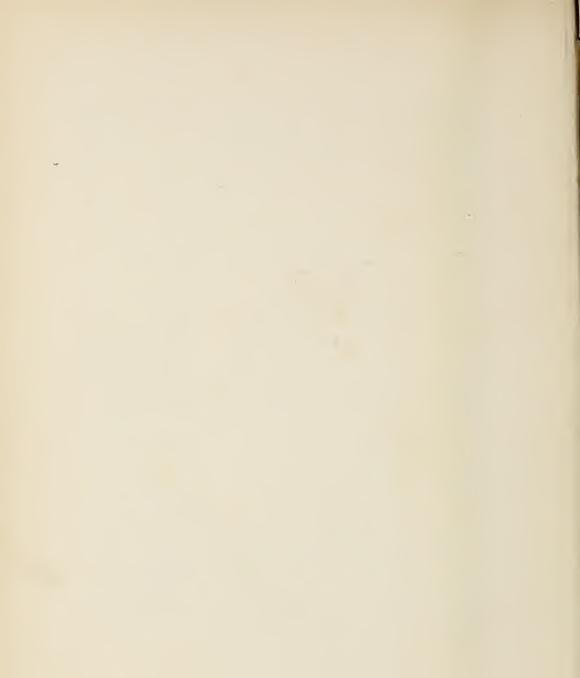


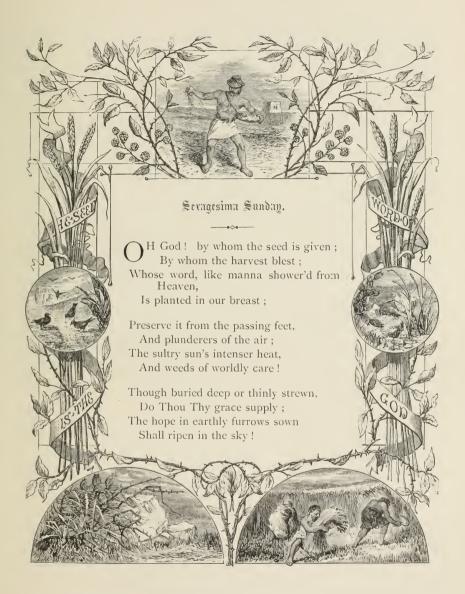
HE God of Glory walks His round, From day to day, from year to year, And warns us each with awful sound, "No longer stand ye idle here!

"Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear.
Waste not of hope the morning light!
Ah fools! why stand ye idle here?









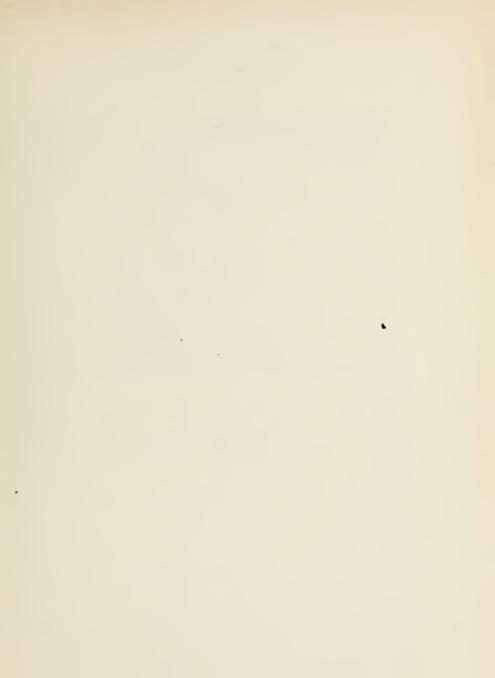


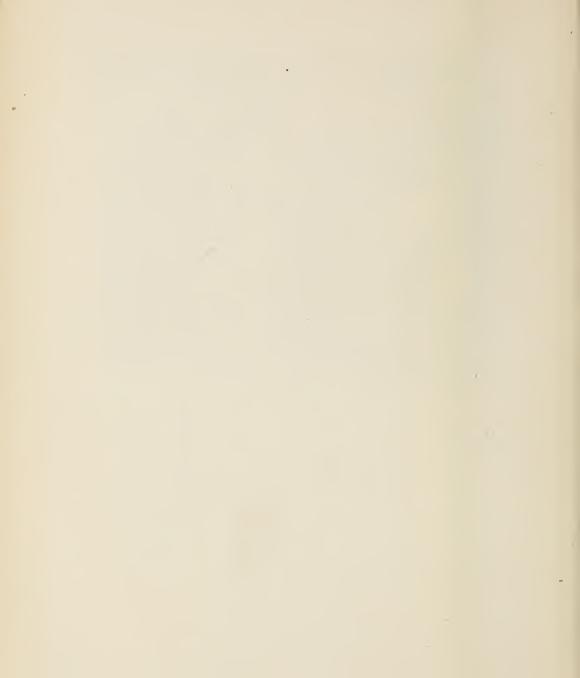


# Quinquagesima Sunday.

ORD of Mercy and of might, Of mankind the life and light, Maker, Teacher infinite, Jesus, hear and save!

Who, when sin's primæval doom Gave' creation to the tomb, Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb, Jesus, hear and save!













#### Third Sunday in Lent.

Blessed she by all creation, Who brought forth the world's Salvation! And blessed they, for ever blest, Who love Thee most and serve Thee best!

Virgin-born! we bow before Thee! Blessed was the womb that bore Thee! Mary, mother meek and mild, Blessed was she in her child!





## Hourth Sunday in Tent.

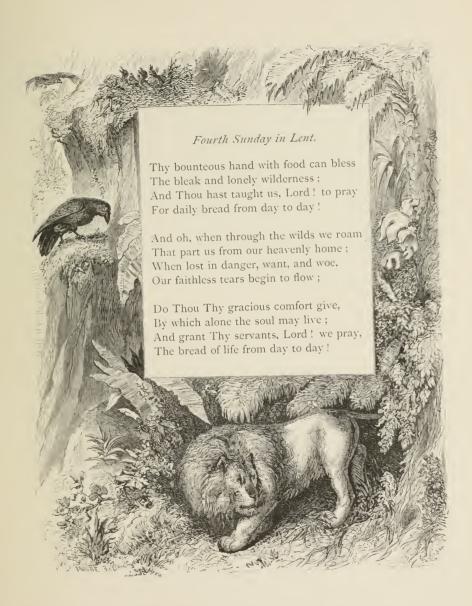
KING of earth and air and sea! The hungry ravens cry to Thee; To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep The bosom of the boundless deep;

To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common Father, kind to all!
Then grant Thy servants, Lord! we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day!

The fishes may for food complain; The ravens spread their wings in vain; The roaring lions lack and pine! But, God! Thou carest still for Thine!









OH Thou whom neither time nor space Can circle in, unseen, unknown, Nor faith in boldest flight can trace, Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son!

And Thou that from Thy bright abode, To us in mortal weakness shown, Didst graft the manhood into God, Eternal, co-eternal Son!

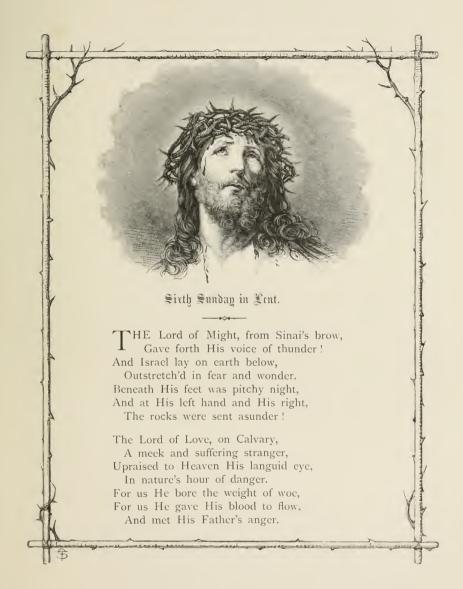
And Thou, whose unction from on high By comfort, light, and love is known! Who, with the parent Deity, Dread Spirit! art for ever One!

Great First and Last! Thy blessing give!
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done!









#### Sixth Sunday in Lent.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long
O'er death and hell defeated!









#### Good Friday.

When sin with flowery garland hides her dart, When tyrant force would daunt the sinking heart, When fleshly lust assails, or worldly care, Or the soul flutters in the fowler's snare,—Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain, Nor let thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

And chiefest then, when Nature yields the strife, And mortal darkness wraps the gate of life; When the poor spirit, from the tomb set free, Sinks at Thy feet and lifts its hope to Thee,—Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain, Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain.











## Easter Day.

OD is gone up with a merry noise Of saints that sing on high, With His own right hand and His holy arm He hath won the victory!

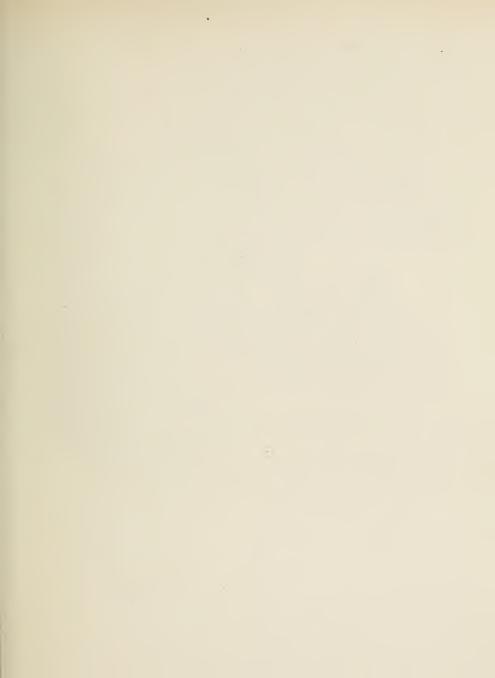
Now empty are the courts of Death, And crush'd thy sting, Despair; And roses bloom in the desert tomb, For Jesus hath been there!

### Easter Day.

And He hath tamed the strength of Hell, And dragg'd him through the sky, And captive behind His chariot wheel, He hath bound Captivity.

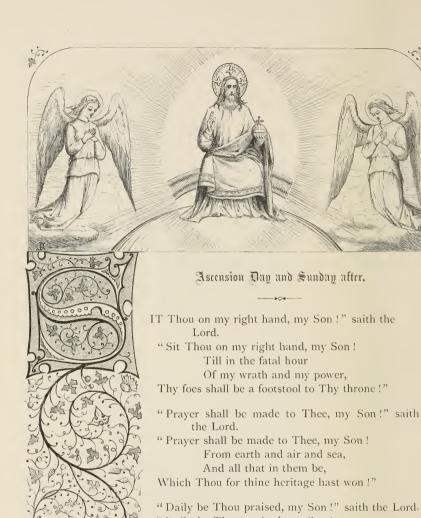
God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!











"Daily be Thou praised, my Son!

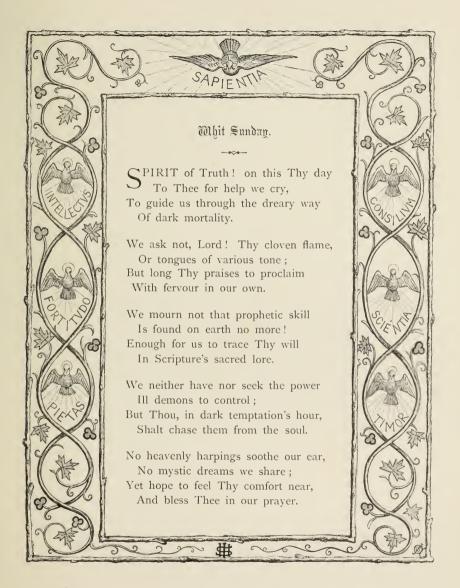
And all that live and move,

Let them bless Thy bleeding love,

And the work which Thy worthiness hath done!"







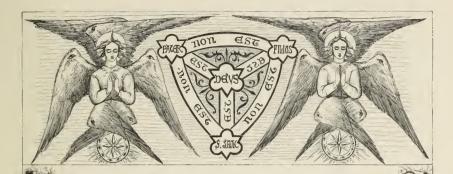
### Whit Sunday.

When tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With Faith, with Hope, with Love!









# Trinity Sunday,

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea.

Holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!







First Sunday after Trinity .- No. I.

OOM for the proud! Ye sons of clay, From far his sweeping pomp survey, Nor, rashly curious, clog the way His chariot wheels before!

Lo! with what scorn his lofty eye Glances o'er age and poverty, And bids intruding conscience fly Far from his palace door!





### First Sunday after Trinity.

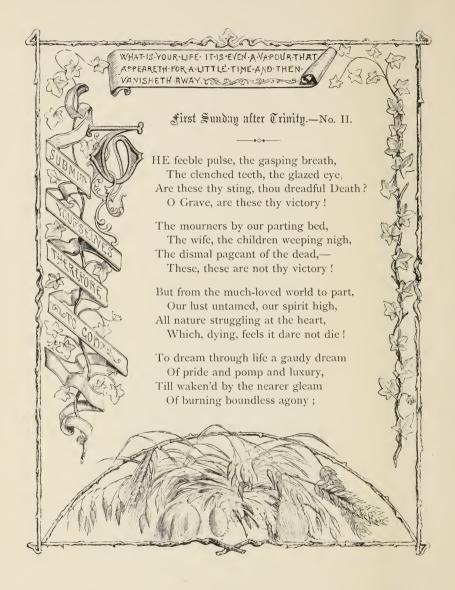
Room for the proud! but slow the feet That bear his coffin down the street: And dismal seems his winding-sheet Who purple lately wore!

Ah! where must now his spirit fly In naked, trembling agony; Or how shall he for mercy cry, Who show'd it not before!

Room for the proud! in ghastly state
The Lords of hell his coming wait,
And flinging wide the dreadful gate
That shuts to ope no more,

"Lo here with us the seat," they cry,
"For him who mock'd at poverty,
And bade intruding conscience fly
Far from his palace door."









## First Sunday after Trinity.

To meet o'er-soon our angry King, Whose love we pass'd unheeded by; Lo this, O Death, thy deadliest sting! O Grave, and this thy victory!

O Searcher of the secret heart,
Who deign'd for sinful man to die!
Restore us ere the spirit part,
Nor give to Hell the victory!







# Second Sundan after Trinity.

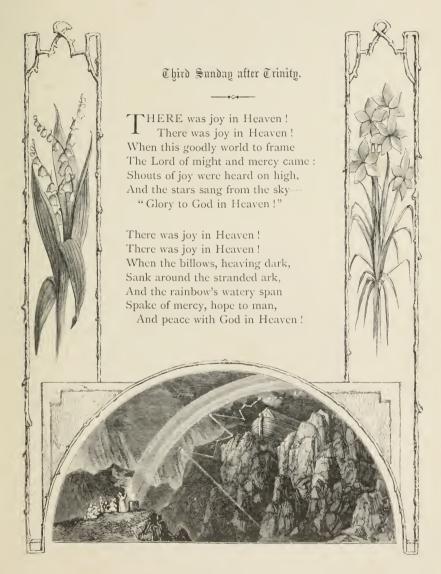
ORTH from the dark and stormy sky, Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly; Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here: Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray: Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away!

Long have we roam'd in want and pain, Long have we sought Thy rest in vain! Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost, Long have our souls been tempest-tost: Low at Thy feet our sins we lay; Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away!







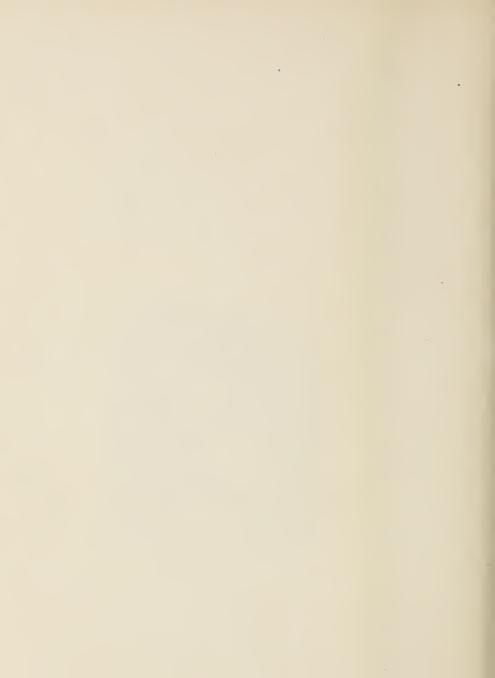


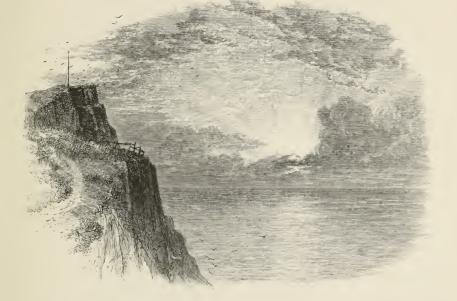
## Third Sunday after Trinity.

There was joy in Heaven!
There was joy in Heaven!
When of love the midnight beam
Dawn'd on the towers of Bethlehem;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang—"On earth good-will,
And glory in the Heaven!"











Fourth Sunday after Crinity.

PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen With garlands gay of various green; I praised the sea, whose ample field Shone glorious as a silver shield; And earth and ocean seem'd to say, "Our beauties are but for a day!"

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd On wheels of amber and of gold; I praised the moon, whose softer eye Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky! And moon and sun in answer said, "Our days of light are numbered!"

# Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

O God! O Good beyond compare!

If thus Thy meaner works are fair!

If thus Thy bounties gild the span

Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,

How glorious must the mansion be

Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!









Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

REATOR of the rolling flood!

On whom Thy people hope alone;
Who cam'st by water and by blood,
For man's offences to atone:

Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep.
And build an endless church to Thee.

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on Thy sacred rock to stand:

And when, our livelong toil to crown.

Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burthen down,
And rise, O Lord! and follow Thee!



Sebenth Sunday after Trinity.

When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil; When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood, In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade; The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade, The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way, The moon and stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display.





#### Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Shall man, the lord of Nature, expectant of the sky, Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny? No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be, Thee, Master, must we always love, and Saviour, honour Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer fade, The Autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade: The winds be lull'd—the sun and moon forget their old decree, But we in Nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to Thee.





Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

ERUSALEM, Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,
Thou favour'd home of God on earth, thou heaven below the sky:
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flock'd beneath the wing

Of Him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anointed King, Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see, And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free.





#### Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

"And who art thou that mournest me?" replied the ruin grey, "And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a cast-away? I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given to thee; But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive-tree!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent, For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punishment; Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be: Who spared not His chosen seed may send His wrath on thee!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime; Oh, turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this accepted time! So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee, And in the new Jerusalem thy home for ever be!"







#### Thirteenth Sundny after Trinity.

HO yonder on the desert heath, Complains in feeble tone?"

—"A pilgrim in the vale of death, Faint, bleeding, and alone!"

"How cam'st thou to this dismal strand Of danger, grief, and shame?"

—"From blessed Sion's holy land, By Folly led, I came!"

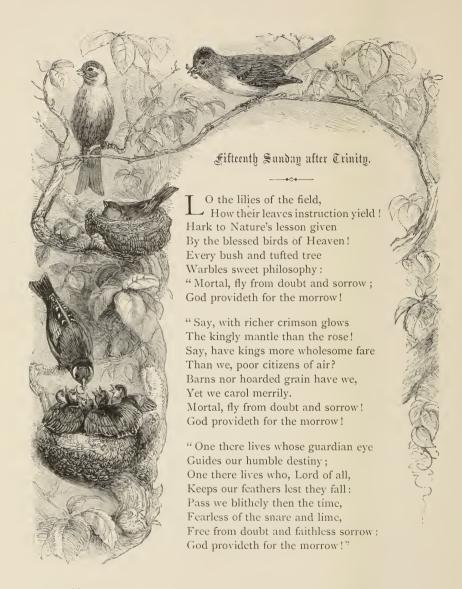




#### Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

- "What ruffian hand hath stript thee bare? Whose fury laid thee low?"
- —"Sin for my footsteps twined her snare, And Death has dealt the blow!"
- "Can art no medicine for thy wound, Nor nature strength supply?"
- —"They saw me bleeding on the ground, And pass'd in silence by!"
- "But, sufferer! is no comfort near Thy terrors to remove?"
- —"There is to whom my soul was dear, But I have scorn'd His love."
- "What if His hand were nigh to save From endless Death thy days?"
- —"The soul He ramsom'd from the grave Should live but to His praise!"
- "Rise then, oh rise! His health embrace, With heavenly strength renew'd; And, such as is thy Saviour's grace, Such be thy gratitude!"











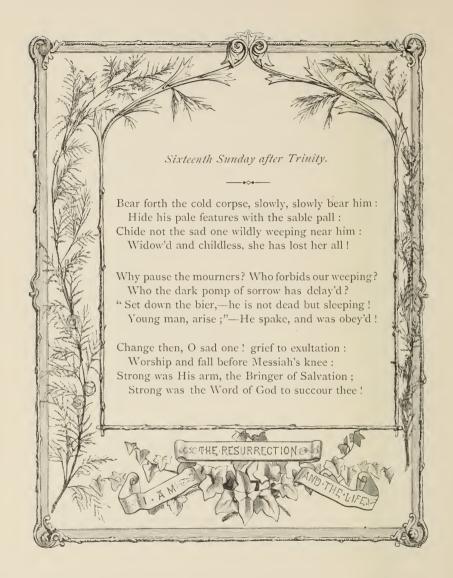






## Sixteenth Sunday after Crinity.

AKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation!
Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly!
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation,
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee!









# Mineteenth Sunday after Crinity.

O<sup>H</sup> blest were the accents of early creation,
When the Word of Jehovah came down from above;
In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
And wake their cold atoms to life and to love!

And mighty the tones which the firmament rended,
When on wheels of the thunder, and wings of the wind,
By lightning, and hail, and thick darkness attended,
He utter'd on Sinai His laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the First-born of Heaven,
(Though poor His apparel, though earthly His form,)
Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven!"
"Be whole!" to the sick, and "Be still!" to the storm.



#### Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

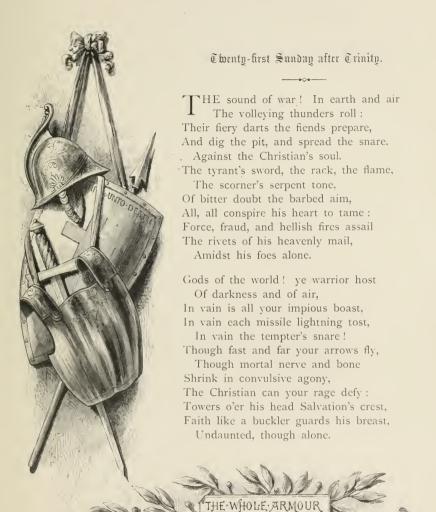
Oh Judge of the World! when array'd in Thy glory,
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,
While Nature stands trembling and naked before Thee,
And waits on Thy sentence to live or to die;

When the Heaven shall fly fast from the sound of Thy thunder, And the Sun, in Thy lightnings, grow languid and pale, And the Sea yield her dead, and the Tomb cleave asunder, In the hour of Thy terrors, let mercy prevail!









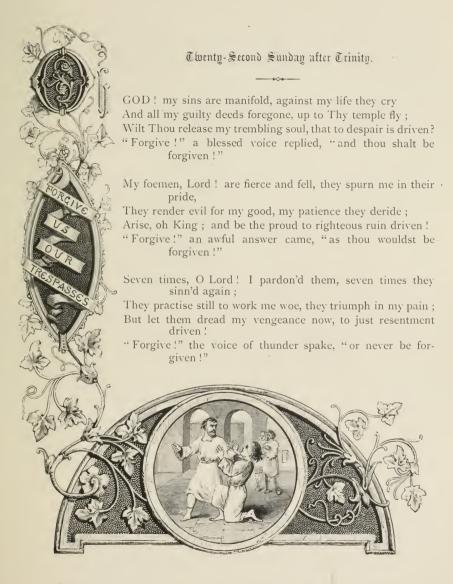
## Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

Tis past! 'tis o'er! in foul defeat
The Demon host are fled!
Before the Saviour's mercy-seat,
(His live-long work of faith complete,)
Their conqueror bends his head.
"The spoils Thyself hast gained, Lord!
I lay before Thy throne:
Thou wert my rock, my shield, my sword;
My trust was in Thy name and word:
'Twas in 'Thy strength my heart was strong;
Thy Spirit went with mine along;
How was I then alone?"











Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

ROM foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride, and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery:
From blinded zeal by faction led;
From giddy change by fancy bred;
From poisonous error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free!

Defend, O God! with guardian hand,
The laws and ruler of our land,
And grant our Church Thy grace to stand
In faith and unity!
The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,
That Thou whose blood was shed to save,
May'st at Thy second coming have
A flock to welcome Thee!







# St. James's Day.

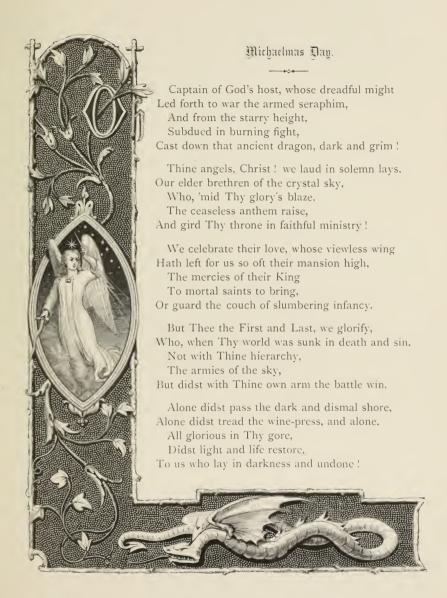
HOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll. In waves of darkness o'er my soul, Though friends are false and love decays, And few and evil are my days, Though conscience, fiercest of my foes. Swells with remember'd guilt my woes, Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill, I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!

Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread, Peals o'er mine unprotected head, And memory points, with busy pain, To grace and mercy given in vain, Till nature, shrinking in the strife, Would fly to hell to 'scape from life, Though every thought has power to kill, I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!

Oh, by the pangs Thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn;
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in Thy guiltless tomb:
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace hath planted in my heart;
I know, I feel, Thy bounteous will!
Thou lovest me, Lord, Thou lovest me still!







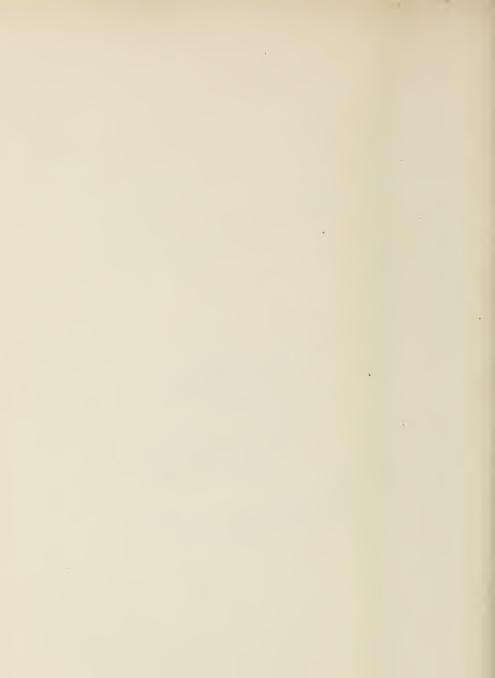
## Michaelmas Day.

Therefore, with angels and archangels, we To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise, And tune our songs to Thee Who art, and art to be.

And endless as Thy mercies sound Thy praise!









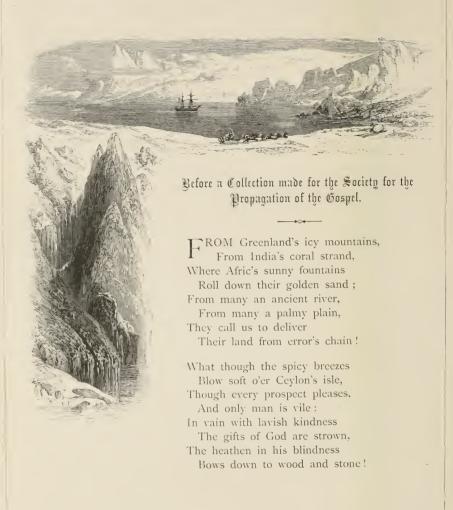
In Cimes of Distress and Danger.

H God, that madest earth and sky, the darkness and the day, Give ear to this Thy family, and help us when we pray! For wide the waves of bitterness around our vessel roar, And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the rocky shore.

The cross our Master bore for us, for Him we fain would bear.

But mortal strength to weakness turns, and courage to despair!

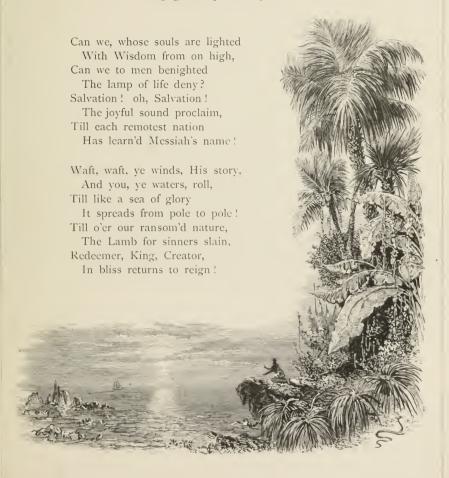
Then mercy on our failings, Lord! our sinking faith renew! And when Thy sorrows visit us, oh send thy patience too!







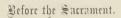
## Propagation of the Gospel.











READ of the world in mercy broken,

Wine of the soul in mercy shed!

By whom the words of life were spoken,

And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,

Look on the tears by sinners shed,

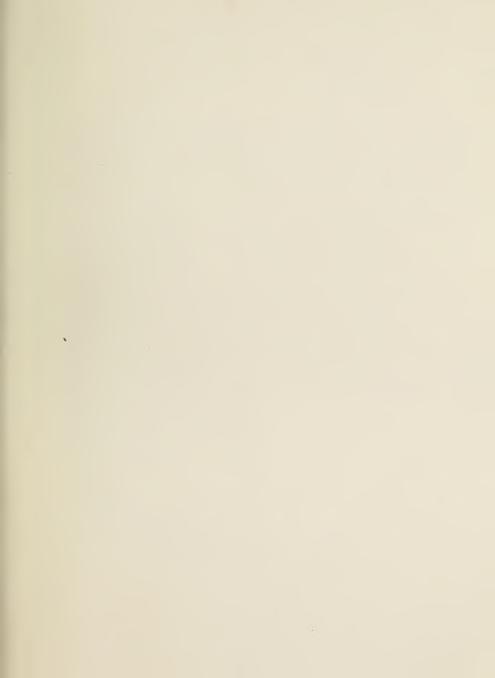
And be Thy feast to us the token

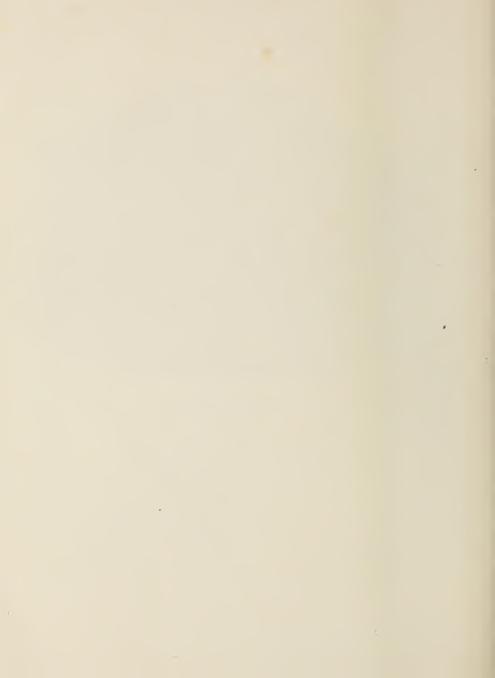
That by Thy grace our souls are fed!



# Ebening Bymn.

OD, that madest Earth and Heaven,
Darkness and Light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine Angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!







#### At a Funeral.

Death rides on every passing breeze, He lurks in every flower: Each season has its own disease, Its peril every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light Of youth's soft cheek decay, And Fate descend in sudden night On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

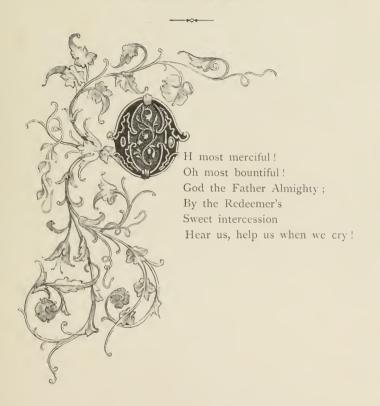
Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for Hell or Heaven!







# In Introit, to be sung between the Pitany and Communion Serbice.











## On Recovery from Sickness.

As fading from my dizzy view, I sought their forms in vain, The bitterness of death I knew, And groan'd to live again.

'Twas dreadful when th' Accuser's power Assail'd my sinking heart, Recounting every wasted hour, And each unworthy part.

But, Jesus! in that mortal fray, Thy blessed comfort stole, Like sunshine in a stormy day, Across my darken'd soul!

When soon or late, this feeble breath No more to Thee shall pray, Support me through the vale of death, And in the darksome way!

When cloth'd in fleshly weeds again
I wait Thy dread decree,
Judge of the world! bethink Thee then,
That Thou hast died for me.









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